

# Good Morning 472

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Late Night Special for L/S ROY THROWER

YOUR wife is well and looking forward to seeing you again, L.S. Roy Thrower.

Mother is fit and very busy harvesting. Every time she sees a sailor she thinks of her boy with a pang. Brother Cecil and Queenie have both been home for a few days.

Your wife is settling down nicely in the new flat at 51 Brunswick Road, Hove. She likes it tremendously, and is anxious to celebrate with you with "that gin bust-up" at Filbers.

Marie and Harry send their love. Reg and Olive also wish to be remembered to you. Rose of Tralee sends best wishes.

Terry is supplying the accompaniment to this message with something like "aye, aye, aye." It's past his bedtime and it's a good excuse to sit up a little longer and send you a late-night special.

Jane sends her very, very fondest love, and longs for your return.

## Home Town Bits

WEATHER freak in South Devon. A heavy thunderstorm breaking over the village of Noss Mayo produced fifteen minutes of such torrential rain that the roads ran like rivers.

A meadow was flooded, a brook burst its banks, young plants were swept out of gardens, heavy stones were swept from the top of a hill to the bottom, and the bus terminus was under a couple of feet of water.

Three miles away not a drop of rain fell. A village girl who had been out for a walk came home perfectly dry!

### BEER.

THERE have been some beer famines in the West lately. One day supplies were so short that publicans in Union Street, Plymouth, hung out notices, "Open at 8 p.m." By 7.45 they had large queues outside. But...

Next morning a river of beer flowed in Westwell Street, where twelve dozen bottles of malt liquor fell from a lorry and were smashed.

Another lorryman had a smash at Plympton, where pedestrians goggled at the sight of twenty barrels of beer rolling down Ridgeway!

# TRAGEDY OF MAN WITHOUT A SCAR

IT is almost impossible (for me) to write about the scandal of the Adolf Beck case (without getting that hot-under-the-collar feeling. When you have finished reading this story you may feel the same way.

Adolf Beck was sent to prison, and later was again arrested and tried—and he was innocent of the charges.

Maybe you'll say, "What has that to do with a What the Criminal Forgot series?" I reply that it has a devil of a lot to do with it.

IT was Detective Inspector John Kane who remembered what the real criminal forgot; and it was Kane who fought against the unconscious, tragic, appalling blunders of judges, juries, witnesses, a handwriting expert, the Public Prosecutor, the Home Office, and prison officials. And Kane won.

I am not going to detail the Beck case. I'll summarise it, and the dates will fall into their places. But I'll tell you about John Kane.

One midnight in March, 1904, just before going off duty, he looked in at Tottenham Court Road police station to see if there was anything doing. There wasn't much. The sergeant-in-charge told him that they had a man in the cells who had been brought in for stealing rings from girls. He had been picked up trying to pawn the rings.

Kane said he'd have a look at this bloke. He saw him seated in the cell, an elderly man evidently trying to be a dandy, with a monocle hanging on his waistcoat.

Inspector Kane sat down, companionable like, as he told me.

"Your name," he said kindly, "is given on the charge sheet as William Thomas. Would you like to tell me your real name and something about yourself?"

It was a shot at random. But the elderly man was ready for it. He replied that if the police wanted to find out about him they could bloody well find out—that was their job. And he smiled.

Kane sat up stiffly. That smile! It revealed a scar, hitherto hidden, on the man's right jaw. William Thomas forgot that scar when he smiled.

Kane caught his breath. Some years before he had seen a man at the Old Bailey charged with this kind of offence. Oh, John Kane had a good memory! The man in the Old Bailey dock had protested his innocence, and Kane's mind switched back to the scene. Almost unaccountably, he found himself wondering if the scar at which he was looking was the clue to a terrible miscarriage of "justice."

Back to his office went John Kane, and from there elsewhere. He began to check up.

His checking-up took him back a bit. In April, 1877, a damsel of easy virtue had thrown a glad eye on a man near Charing Cross, and the man had responded. He told her he was Lord Willoughby. She believed him. She believed that the ring on his finger, which he showed her, was descended in his family from before the Christian era. She believed many other things.

She got to know him quite well. He stayed with her. He took some of her cheap "jewellery" to be copied (he said). He told her he wanted her to live at his new house in St. John's Wood. He wrote out letters to drapers, ordering dresses for her. He wrote these letters on the notepaper of the Hyde Park Hotel. Then he disappeared with her jewel-

lery and some money he had borrowed.

When he was arrested he gave the police the name of John Smith, and as that he was entered up. He passed out of the police mind as a cheap criminal. He was forgotten.

Come now to 1895. Complaints came to the police that a man calling himself "Lord Willoughby" was tricking women out of their jewellery in the same way. The women who complained described the man. And Scotland Yard managed to arrest him from the descriptions.

But this time the arrested man said he was not John Smith or Lord Willoughby or Lord Wilton (another alias). He said he was Adolf Beck, a Norwegian merchant, aged fifty-five, known to many reputable people. He denied ever seeing the women and taking their possessions.

But Adolf Beck stood his trial at the Old Bailey in March, 1896. He declared that he could not have been John Smith of 1877 because he was in South America then; but this evidence for him was ruled out as "inadmissible." In those days prisoners hadn't the opportunity of going into the witness-box to defend themselves.

Ten women swore that he was the man. They swore to Smith having a scar on his jaw. Adolf Beck's jaw was examined and it was pronounced that the scar was there, but was "scarcely visible."

A handwriting expert swore that the dud cheques and the letters written in these cases were in the handwriting of Adolf Beck, but was disguised. The blundering went on, and Adolf Beck was sent to prison for seven years on what the judge called "overwhelming evidence."

From prison, Beck addressed sixteen petitions to the Home Office. They were all turned down, marked "Nil," meaning that nothing was to be done. One of the smart men at the Home Office actually wrote: "Beck says he has no such scar. It may have disappeared."

Beck was released in 1901 on ticket-of-leave. He kept protesting he had been wrongly imprisoned, but nobody paid much attention. He took rooms in Tottenham Court Road and tried to gather bits of his business together.

Come now to 1904. The police got word that "Lord Willoughby" was at his tricks again. Women complained. The police set a trap.

One woman was to stand at a street corner, and if she saw the man who had tricked her she was to speak to him. The trap was sprung in April of that year.

Beck, out for a stroll, was spoken to by the woman. A

detective, who was waiting, stepped up; and Adolf Beck was again arrested.

This time four women identified him as John Smith, alias Lord Willoughby, alias Lord Wilton, alias other names. Poor Adolf Beck kept protesting.

Mr. Horace Avory (later Lord Avory) prosecuted at the trial in May, 1904. By a very

think they were in Beck's writing.

He reported his suspicions to Scotland Yard. The matter was handed over to Inspector Ward.

Then Kane got certain newspapers to shove in a par about a "mysterious prisoner." The mysterious prisoner was the silent William Thomas sitting in the police cell, who still refused to say anything about himself. The man with the scar.

The paragraphs bore fruit. A citizen of Highbury came with a story that the tenant of a back room had disappeared. The tenant called himself "Dr. Wyatt."

Kane went up to the house and searched the room. He knew then he was on the right trail. He found Hyde Park Hotel notepaper, and trinkets and other things. But he wanted proof that William Thomas was the original John Smith, alias, alias.

He unearthed two men who had known John Smith. He confronted William Thomas with them. The game was up.

William Thomas had used many aliases—Mr. Markham, Dr. Marsh, Captain Weiss, Lord Willoughby, etc. And he was the original John Smith, too.

Women who had identified Beck now said this was the real John Smith. When the news broke, judges, Home Office officials, all of them who had prosecuted Beck, said they were sorry.

Beck was released, and an inquiry was held. Beck got a "free pardon," whatever that is worth. He also got £5,000 compensation. And owing to this muddle the Court of Criminal Appeal was established.

Smith got five years. (Beck had got seven on the first charge.) The handwriting expert admitted his report was "inaccurate." And so on.

It came out that Smith was a circumcised Jew, and although this had been told the Home Office, that authority did nothing. Maybe they thought on the same lines as the scar!

Poor Adolf Beck! He struggled on for a few years, wearied, nervous, confused, afraid. He died in very poor circumstances in Middlesex Hospital in 1909.

I have seen photographs of these two men. Really, the likeness was only superficial. But Beck never had a scar on his face. It was on his heart, branded there by stupidity.

## Odd Quotes

What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?

Sydney Smith.

An Englishman whose heart is in a matter is not easily baffled.

Walter Bagehot.

There are few more impressive sights in the world than a Scotsman on the make.

J. M. Barrie.

The only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them.

Edmund Burke.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"Got a jemmy to lend, chum? The drawer I keep my revolver in is stuck!"

Distracted and despairing, he called on Heaven, on the Press, on everybody, to believe that he was innocent, that a mistake had been made.

Heaven and the others didn't seem to be listening.

The Judge (humane Sir William Grantham) was slightly puzzled. He postponed sentence till the next Session.

But maybe Heaven was listening after all, for ten days later Inspector John Kane stepped into Tottenham Court Road police station as I have related.

Kane was in a difficult position. He might get into trouble for meddling with a case that wasn't his. What was Adolf Beck to him? Or John Smith either, or "Lord Willoughby"? Kane had plenty to attend to otherwise—but maybe Heaven was doing more than listening.

Kane was a stubborn man. If he had a hunch he pursued it. That is how Heaven made him, and I told him that if he had done nothing else in his professional life he had earned his pension and Heaven had guided him here.

He started in blindly—at first. He got some of the letters the women had received from this impostor. Kane was no "expert," but he did not



# Aladdin, the Scamp, sees Magic

THE Sultan of the Indies was so diverted by the stories which Scheherazade had told him so far that he prepared the next night to hear another. This one was the story of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp. So she began thus:

In the capital of one of the large and rich provinces of the kingdom of China, the name of which I do not recollect, there lived a tailor, whose name was Mustapha, so poor, that he could hardly, by his daily labour, maintain himself and family, which consisted of a wife and son. His son, who was called Aladdin, had been brought up after a very careless and idle manner.

When he was old enough to learn a trade, his father, not being able to put him out to any other, took him into his own shop, and showed him how to use his needle: but neither good words nor the fears of chastisement were capable of fixing his lively genius.

All that his father could do to keep him at home to mind his work, was in vain; for no sooner was his back turned, but Aladdin was gone for that day. Mustapha chastised him, but Aladdin was incorrigible; and his father, to his great grief, was forced to abandon him to his libertinism; and died in a few months.

The mother of Aladdin, finding that her son would not follow his father's business, shut up the shop, sold off the implements of that trade, and, with the money she got for them, and what she could

## The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



get by spinning cotton, thought to maintain herself and her son. Aladdin gave himself entirely over to dissipation, and was never out of the streets from his companions. In this situation, he was one day playing, according to custom, in the street, with his vagabond troop, and a stranger, passing by, stood still to observe him.

The stranger was a famous magician, called the African magician. When the magician, who was a good physiognomist, had observed in Aladdin's countenance something which was absolutely necessary for the execution of the design he came about, he inquired artfully about his family, who he was, and what were his inclinations; and, when he had learned all he desired to know, he went up to him, and taking him aside from his comrades, said to him, Child, was not your father called Mustapha the tailor?—Yes, sir, answered Aladdin, but he has been dead a long time.

At these words, the magician threw his arms about Aladdin's neck, and kissed him several times with tears in his eyes. Aladdin, who observed his tears, asked him, what made him weep. Alas! my son, cried the magician, with a sigh, how can I forbear? I am your uncle; your good father was my own brother.

Then he asked Aladdin, putting his hand into his purse, where his mother lived; and, as soon as Aladdin had informed him, he gave him a handful of small money, saying to him, Go, my son, to your mother, give my love to her, and tell her that I will come and see her.

Aladdin ran to his mother, overjoyed at the money his uncle had given him. Mother, said he, have I an uncle? No, child, replied his mother, you have no uncle by your father's side or mine.

When the magician came he began to enter into discourse with Aladdin's mother: telling her not to be surprised at not knowing him, as he had been forty years absent from that part of the country. He then inquired all particulars relating to his brother; which Aladdin's mother answered to his satisfaction. He also asked what business Aladdin was; but his mother gave such a sorry account of Aladdin, that the uncle pretended to be quite shocked at him. The magician said, since Aladdin did not like work, he would take a shop and furnish it for him with all kinds of rich silk stuffs; which greatly pleased Aladdin. After partaking of the supper, and promising to call again the next day,

Aladdin rose early in the morn-

ing and dressed himself, to be ready against his uncle called on him; and, when he saw him coming, he took leave of his mother, and ran to meet him. The magician led him out at one of the gates of the city, to some large houses, or rather palaces, to each of which belonged beautiful gardens. After they had walked some time longer, Aladdin complained of being tired, when the magician encouraged him by telling him that they had but a few steps farther to go.

At last they came between two mountains, of moderate height and equal size, divided by a narrow valley, which was the place where the magician intended to bring Aladdin to put into execution a design that had brought him from Africa to China.

We will go no farther now, said he to Aladdin. I will show you here some very extraordinary things, and what nobody ever saw before; which, when you have seen, you will thank me for: but while I strike fire, do you gather up all the loose sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with.

Aladdin found there so many dried sticks, that before the magician had lighted a match, he had gathered up a great heap. The magician presently set them on fire, and when they were all in a blaze, the magician threw in some incense he had about him, which raised a cloud of smoke: this he dispersed on each side, by pronouncing several magical words, which Aladdin did not understand.

At the same time, the earth trembled a little, and opened just before the magician and Aladdin and discovered a stone about half a yard square, laid

horizontally, with a brass ring fixed to the middle of it, to raise it up by. Aladdin was so frightened at what he saw, that he would have run away.

When the magician saw that he was come to himself, he said to him, You see what I have done by virtue of my incense and the words I pronounced. Know then, that under this stone there is hid a treasure, which is destined to be yours, and which will make you richer than the greatest monarch in the world. No other person but you is permitted to touch this stone, and to pull it up and go in; for I am forbid ever to touch it, or set foot in this treasure when it is opened; so you must, without fail, punctually execute what I tell you, for it is a matter of great consequence both to you and me.

Aladdin did as the magician bade him, and raised the stone, with a great deal of ease. There appeared a cavity of about three or four feet deep, with a little door, and steps to go down lower.

Observe, my son, said the magician, what I am going to say to you.

At the end of a hall, you will find a door which leads into a garden planted with fine trees loaded with fruit; walk directly across the garden by a path which will lead you to five steps, that will bring you upon a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in that niche a lighted lamp.

Take the lamp down, and put it out; when you have thrown away the wick, and poured out the liquor, put it in your breast, and bring it to me. Do not be afraid that the liquor will spoil your clothes, for it is not oil, and the lamp will be dry as soon as it is thrown away. If you have a mind to any of the fruit of the garden, you may gather as much as you please.

Aladdin jumped into the cave, went down the steps, and took down the lamp from the niche, threw out the wick and the liquor, and put it in his bosom. Aladdin also took care to fill his pockets with the fruit, as he thought it; but which were precious stones of inestimable value.

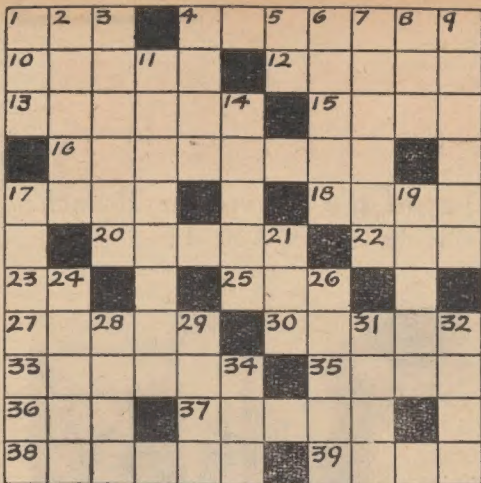
As soon as Aladdin saw the magician he cried out, Pray, uncle, lend me your hand to help me out.

Give me the lamp first, replied the magician; it will be troublesome to you.

Indeed, uncle, answered Aladdin, I cannot now: it is not troublesome to me.

The magician, provoked at this obstinate refusal of the lad, flew into a terrible passion, and threw a little of his incense into the fire, which he took care to keep in, and no sooner pronounced two magical words, but the stone

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Electrical unit.
- 4 Deceived.
- 10 Frothy.
- 12 Soothe.
- 13 Craze.
- 15 Garment.
- 16 Pennon.
- 17 Pip.
- 18 Mineral.
- 20 Spruce.
- 22 Large quantity.
- 23 Sailor.
- 25 Dried food.
- 27 Chew.
- 30 Small bird.
- 33 Trifled.
- 35 Spice.
- 36 Urge.
- 37 Garden plant.
- 38 Epitome.
- 39 Coin.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 11 Farther.
- 2 Residence.
- 3 Sort of weasel.
- 4 Cow-house.
- 5 Pronoun.
- 6 Side of gem.
- 7 Or blossom.
- 8 Girl's name.
- 9 Discover.
- 11 Biting quality.
- 14 Ground.
- 17 Scurry.
- 19 Reasoning.
- 21 Bark.
- 24 Bag.
- 26 Ape.
- 28 Horses.
- 29 Tiller.
- 31 Window piece.
- 32 Subject of discourse.
- 34 Exactly.

PUSH U FLAN  
INTERPOLATE  
CLARE PUNTS  
TIT TOP COT  
SMEAR OVERS  
B SOUSAN  
DESKS INNER  
ARM PUT EYE  
NAYE IMP N  
DIRECTORATE  
YET TIN LOW

## QUIZ for today

1. A skeel is a bird, fish, wooden bucket, hank of hair, spool of cotton, measure of barley?
2. Where is Lake Titicaca?
3. What sort of wind is the Föhn, and what is it called in Canada?
4. Is it compulsory to have a licence for all kinds of dogs in Britain, and if not, what dogs are exempt?
5. Who was known as "the Ambling Alp"?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Partical, Practical, Practicable, Artical, Partipical.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 471

1. Kind of oats.
2. Faddy over food.
3. (a) Sleet, (b) slob-ice.
4. Plateau in South India.
5. Marmoset.
6. Parsimony (twice). Partible.

## Odd-But True

There are actually more Greek temples in Sicily than in Greece itself, relics of the time when the island was an important Greek colony.

George Turrell, of Kessingland, Suffolk, when digging potatoes in his garden, turned up 71 tubers on one root.

The longest moustache in the Eighth Army is claimed by a Gurkha—16½ inches from tip to tip.

## WANGLING WORDS—411

1. Put correct in ME and get an animal.
2. Rearrange the letters of CHARM TEN and THICK LAMBS and get two tradesmen.
3. In the following five roofing materials the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 428N9, 788D, 2159, 45629, 42R67.
4. Find the two hidden animals in: Pay into the lottery what you owe as elder brother, and leave the rest to me.

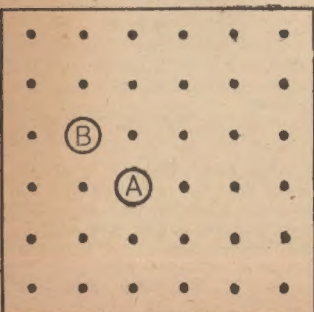
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 410

1. Ports.
2. MICHAEL ANGELO, EMERSON.
3. Congo, Colorado, Limpopo, La-Plata, Orange.
4. Rich-ard, Ed-war-d.

## PICTURE PUZZLE

Make six rows of six dots, each in the form of a square, as shown in the diagram. Starting at dot A, join all the dots together by means of straight lines, without taking your pencil off the paper, and finishing at dot B. You may go horizontally, vertically or diagonally, and you may cross your own path or visit each dot as many times as you like. The problem is to cover all the dots in less than a dozen straight lines.

Solution in No. 473.

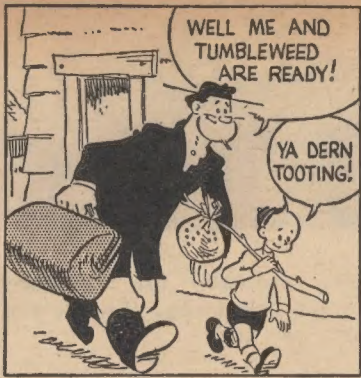
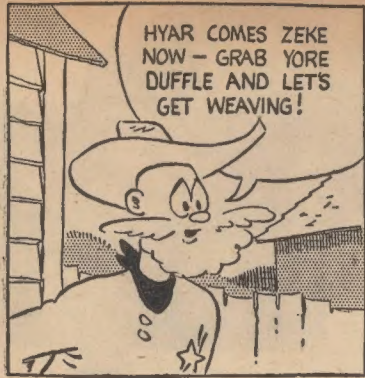


## JANE

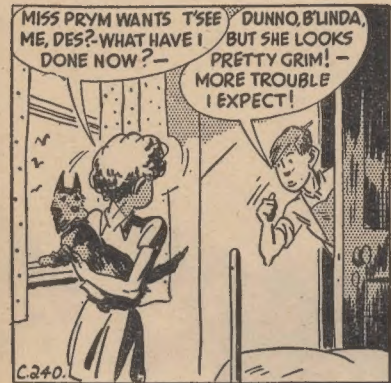




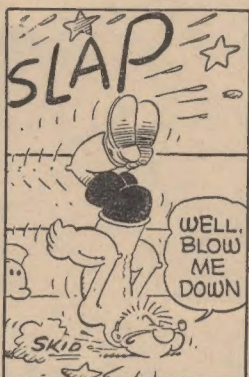
## BEELZEBUB JONES



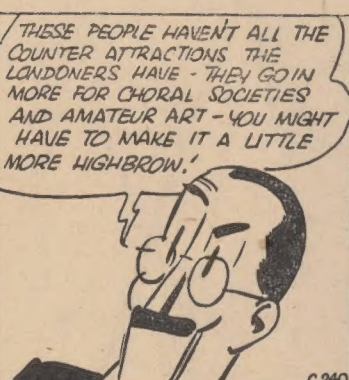
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## PUPPETRY IS AN ART

By Dick Gordon

PUPPETRY is without doubt a form of theatrical art, even though some deride it as a very primitive kind of entertainment, suitable only for children and the simple-minded.

There is certainly crudeness in much of the work that goes under the name of puppetry. This is due in large measure to the poverty of the dramatic material used, but mainly because puppeteers are craftsmen more interested in making puppets than in providing good theatre and developing the dramatic gifts of their wooden actors.

Having chosen his type of construction, the puppeteer should stick to it until he has mastered it theatrically, that is, made it serve its purpose as an instrument of dramatic expression.

He must be willing to spend time and labour in experiment and research into the extent to which a puppet can produce some, at any rate, of the reactions that a theatrical performance should win from an audience.

He can only do this through a chosen theme, story, or piece of music, that is, a play or an opera. Having decided upon, say, a play, that he himself is interested in, he studies the play as a whole.



Are there any mechanical difficulties, and can they be eliminated without spoiling the intention of the dramatist? Then the spirit of the play is studied. What is the central point to be emphasised? There follows the consideration of each character and its place in the general scheme, and its individual contribution to it. The puppet can now be trained for its part.

The puppeteer must know how to provide the training. If he intended to act the part himself on the stage, he would, among much else, have to know the language of gesture and movement. He would convey his meaning to the audience by action as well as by speech. He must do the same with his puppet, and this is the most important task of the operator.

The good operator will rely mainly on mime and not on mechanical tricks for sustaining interest. Without it he will not travel far on the road to successful theatre, however efficient his lighting or his wood carving. The motto of the puppeteer should be, "No movement without meaning." It is not the amount of movement, but its value as expression, that gets over, and it is surprising how little movement is really necessary to give meaning. The lifting of a hand, the turn of the head, may be sufficient, but these slight movements will only be effective if the puppet is otherwise perfectly static.

Such careful training is worth good dramatic material. The circus, interesting as it may be, is not the apex of theatrical art; therefore, adapt the best plays and operas to the puppet stage.

Mime, co-ordinated with the speech or music, all arising out of the operator's keen efforts to get them over to the audience effectively, will not only prove that the puppet is a dramatic artist, but will create a demand to see him more frequently in drama worthy of his abilities.

## Alex Cracks

A successful business man was giving a lecture on "Commercial Acumen" to a class of students. In speaking of his career, he mentioned a certain company that had been wound up on account of its shady practices.

"Of course," he said, "as soon as I realised there were possibilities of dishonest profit being made, I got out of it."

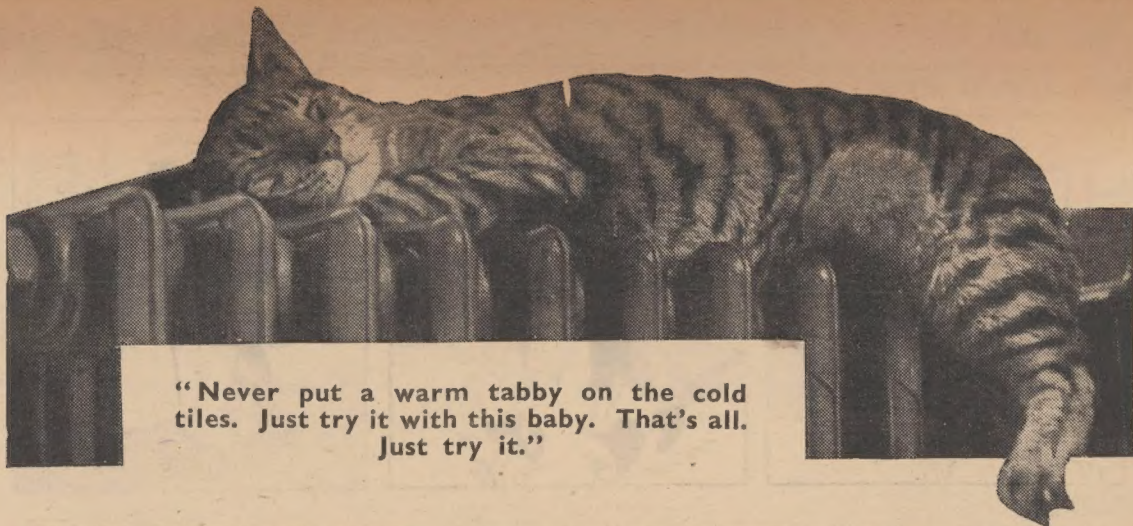
"How much?" asked a student.



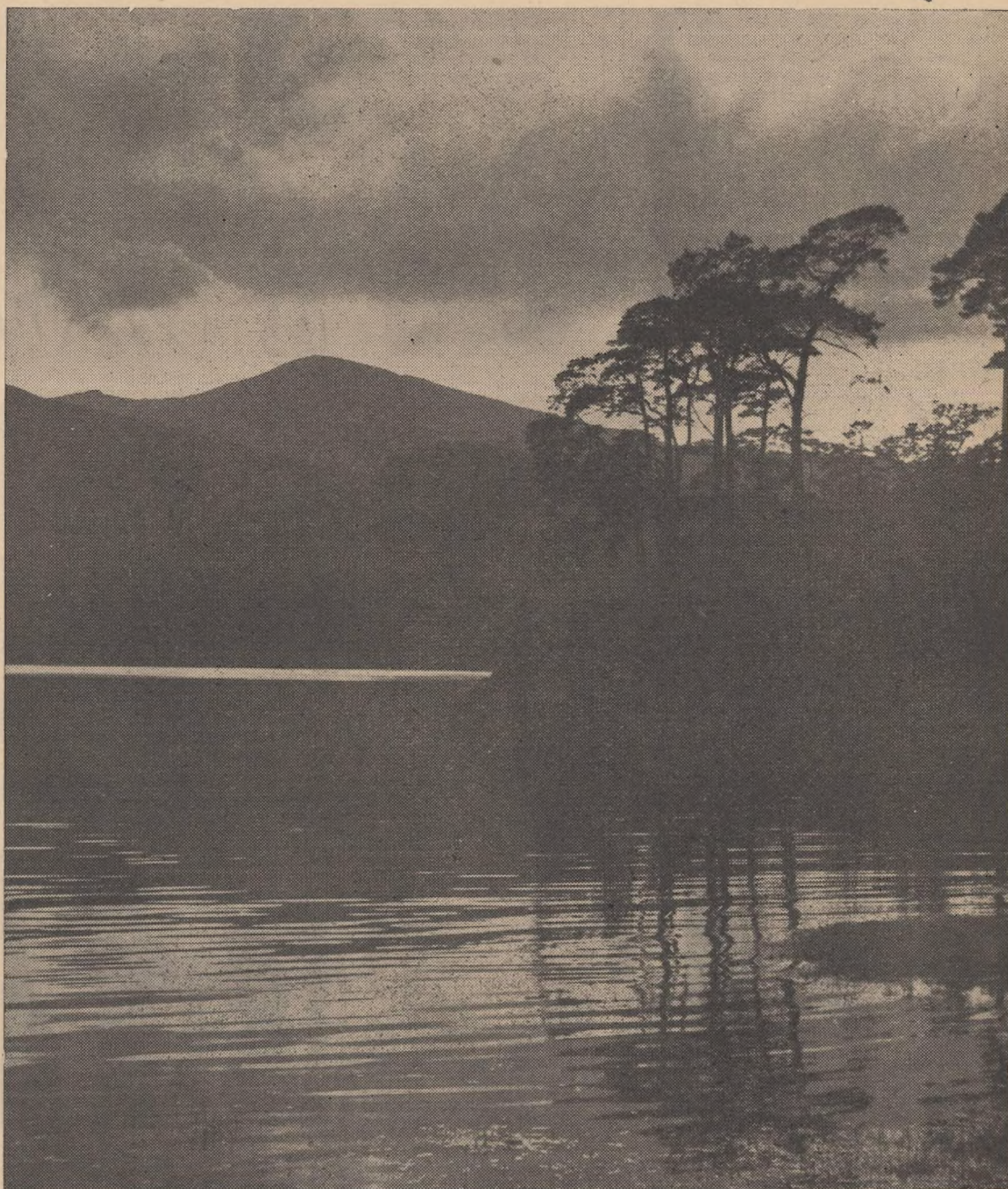
Good  
Morning



Should this be called "Ruth amid the Alien Corn," or "Why, the heck, didn't somebody cut the tennis lawn?" She may be a caption-writer's nightmare or a submariner's dream — which do you think?



"Never put a warm tabby on the cold tiles. Just try it with this baby. That's all. Just try it."



## *This England*

This quiet scene with the quality of a Japanese print is night falling over Derwentwater.

"Knock it back, sailor, and we'll all have one for the road." The pub is the "Old Bull and Bush," and the tippie is lemonade (not port wine), and the German band is "otherwise engaged."



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

